LEARNING TO

Madame Albani Tells the Young Folks the Secret of Her Success.

A VOICE A BIRTHRIGHT.

Upon This as a Basis She Built Her Fame by Labor Incessant.

SHE BEGAN TO STUDY AT FOUR.

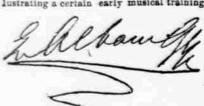
At Eight Years She Could Read Any Piece of Music at Sight.

THE IS CERTAINLY A PRETTY WOMAN

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) Not long ago, "Viking," a young American, came to my hotel with a plea for the young people:

"Would Madame Albani consent to speak on musical training? To suggest how best chil. dren might be educated to become singers?" There being as many views and

methods as there are nationalities, it was Albani's Dog. nationalities, it was decided I should tell her of my own child life-for of that I can speak with conviction and emphasis—as an instance practically illustrating a certain early musical training.



In a large room suggesting at once the word "home-like," although Madame Al-

bani was only temporarily living at the hotel, I found the great Diva; one felt she had personally transformed the room; all was artistic, cheerful; everywhere the dainty home touches of a woman's hand. As for this woman of

genius herself, for Statue of Her Son. whom Dovorack and Gounod have composed great works, she was busily knitting, for charity. She was a charming picture of resting, contented womanliness as she sat there smiling and friendly, in the deep armchair, among the flowers and silken draperies and soft rugs and couches.

She had saved this hour to talk to me for children, and, laying down her knitting, Albani began to speak in the most simple and direct way. Her voice is sweet and rich, and all children would like to have heard her talk. "When I was a little girl," the Diva began precisely as it it were a fairy tale.

Worked Hard at the Age of Four.

"When I was a little girl, just 234 years old, a wee little missie, I could follow my father's violin. For you must know that my father, Monsieur Lajeuness, was a great music lover and musician. I owe much to his guiding I began to study and work hard at the age of 4. The compositions of great masters were given me as the material for my study. Before I was 8 years old I had studied all of Mozart's etudes and sym phonies. Yes, at 8 I could read any and all usic at sight."
Think of that, all you who have musical

ambitions and dreams. Think of the steady work the child called Albani did! Think of the future Diva, and understand that the great Queens of song do not warble from the simple impulses of their natures as larks and nightingales The grand Albani could not say enough to me, apparently, to sufficiently



Albani. entisty herself as to this early work. She insisted that children could not be too tten told that it was what they learned when they were girls and boys that they never would forget; that their success would really be in proportion to their thorough study at the beginning. She felt she did not begin too early, at 4. The Divs went on: "Hetween the ages of 4 and 8 I studied five hours a day. I was studying barmony, technique, theory. By that time I could play the piano and was able to interpret in-

Getting the Proper Foundation, "I believe the great thing to do with children is to first find out their natural gifts and aptitudes. If they show musical instinct and aptitude for music, then set them to learning what music means, of what it is composed, how to read it understandingly of the proper regulation of food and drink, before they try to sing it. To me it is sim- and is a very important item in the treat ply useless, this attempting to sing without the musical foundation! And the superficial amattering can never sustain one-oh! They cill find it out for themselvese aftera while, those unqualified ones who try to sing before

knowing how to read.
"Do I think that young—to read music at sight-at eight? No! not when one is born with the love of music, the gift, the taste for it. You know it is a gift. Voice comes to us at hirth surely—as we are born poets, painters, sculptors or writers. At eight I entered the convent of the Sacre Coeur panied by complete directions for use. at Sault Aux Recollet in Canada, for you know I am French Canadian, and there studied my French and English, and my music, too, perfecting myself in composition, singing only as children sing at school. Then we went to live at Albany. I was 13 then. There I sang a solo from Rossini's Stabat Mater, at a mass in St. Joseph's Sent free to any address for a limited time.

Church. This led to a three years' engagement to sing at that church. It was salaried position.

The French Method Didn't Suit. "When that engagement closed I was taken abroad to Paris and for three months I studied under the tuition of Dupres. But the French method was not found to suit my voice. By the advice of Prince Ponta-towski, himself a musician and a warm friend, I went to Italy. There I studied hard with the celebrated Signor Lamperti at Milan. Nine months afterward I made my debut at Messina, and have been singing ever since. It has simply been a touring from one great city to another and from one country to another.

"After Messina came Sicily and Malta and Florence, where I created Mignon and sang Sommambula. Then London, where in 1872 I made my English debut as Sommambula. Then I went back and sang throughout Italy. But I have been a student all my life, and am studying now as hard as ever I did when a child.

"But tell the young Americans that all the later work and progress has been the more rapid from the fact of the groundwork having been thorough. From those very masters studied in early life I have chosen many roles—other works I have had writ-ten for me, and these I study, long and hard, until I have created them for the public.

A Life of Endless Study.

"Handel's great oratorios have been a special study. I gave long study to the part of Indigenia in Thingenia in Tauris,' by Gluck, and to Beethoven's great mass and Mendelssohn's oratorios. Dvorak wrote for me 'The Specter's Bride' and 'Ludmila,' and 'Redemption' was also written for me by Gonnod, and I gave long study to them. 'Mors et Vita' and 'Stabet Mater' I created. Besides being one of the oratorio singers of England, and taking part in the Handel festivals, which occur every three years, I have the following repertoire: 'Faust,' Les Huguenota,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Puritani,' 'Lucia,' Trovatore,' 'Otello,' 'Lohengrin,' The Flying Dutchman,' 'Tanhaueser,' 'Nozzie de Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni.' Cannot you see what endless confinement to study? O, I have a great amount of work always on hand. And now you have

The prima donna has given you her secret of success—the birthright of voice and the endless study of her art. Albani looks as you see her in the pict-ure—a face tull of the light of kinduess,

deep blue, smiling eyes, a sensitive mouth, a full brow, and over all a certain exultant glow of health and happiness. Her hair is dark brown, and she has small, beautiful A Very Pleasing Presence.

Albani's is a sumptuous figure. There s that indescribable stamp about her which the French call presence. She conveys to the stranger an impression of height, but the word which seems best to fit her is "graciousness"—she is gracious in every gesture. For in reality she is not a tall an, and is otherwise an easily recognized "Canadienne" in type. Albani likes heavy brocade to wear, em-

broideries and fringes of jet, rich laces and diamonds. She is watchful of her health. She said to me:

"I take care never to do what is bad for
my throat and general health. And what s bad for the throat? Nuts and sweets and indigestible substances. Veal is not good for singers. I avoid taking colds by keep-ing warm and out of draughts. Claret is

good for the throat and for the health too; that is why I drink it." She signed her "conversation" with me, to give young musicians a pleasure; and ou see her signature as it appears in her totes to the Queen of England and on the list of her many charities.

A THREE-MINUTE WOODEN HORSE, The Novel Invention With Which a Genius

Is Startling Chicago. A wooden horse charging at breakneck speed over the asphalt pavements is what



The Wooden Horse.

The wooden horse is a unique contrivance evented by C. R. Bickley, who lives at No. 281 West Van Buren street. Already he has attained sufficient speed to give the best of bicycle riders a close brush. He claims to be able to go a mile at a three-minute gait. The principle on which the machine is run is simple. It is composed only of two cog wheels, an eccentric axle and a shaft. On this shaft the hobby horse rests. Beneath is a sort of platform resting on four wheels. When astride the horse the motion of the body used in riding the live article propels the machine forward, and as it moves and the motion of the body becomes accelerated the momentum grows greater and greater until a high rate of speed is obtained. The invention is not yet on the market, though its inventor has already had some flattering offers for his patents. The wooden horse may probably be placed in the parks this

No Sae Far Awa'.

Scottish Cauadian.]

For Heaven is no sae far awa',

If but the heart be pure and true,
The lights that frae its windows fa', Reach oftentimes my view!

And whiles I hear, or think I hear, At that sweet hour o' gloaming gray, Sae far awa', and sma' and clear, Its blessed bells at play!

I ken its wa's are stadium-height, pon their twal' foundations set; whaur my thochts can win their They'll open me the yet!

I ken the verra speech they say—
I've heard the ower-word o' their sang—
I've seen their fit-prints on the way—
I'll join them or its lang!

CATARRH SUFFERERS

Here is Something of Interest to You. Chronic estarrh is, by far, the most prevaent disease in the United States; at least one person out of every three is in some degree affected by it. Probably the most common seat of the disease is in some part of the air passages, viz., nose, throat, larynx, bronchial tubes and lungs. Chronic catarrh, however, is by no means confined to these parts; for the stomach, bowels, kidneys and pelvic organs are irequently af-

feeted by it. treatment for chronic catarrh, wherever located, consists of, first, local treatment, which includes gargles, sprays, douches, inhalents, snuff, creams, supposi-tories and atomized fluids. These remedies

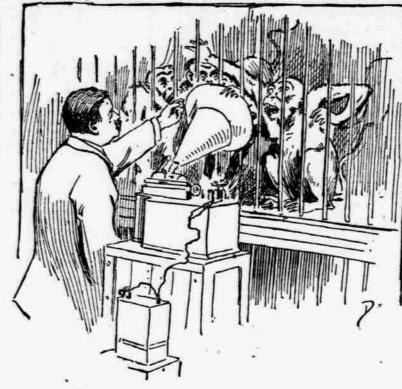
ment of any case.

The third item in the treatment of

catarrh is the regulation of the bodily habits, us to clothing, exercise, cleanliness and sleep. The fourth and most important item, without which all other efforts will be truit less, is the proper internal medication. The upon to do this work is Pe-ru-na. This medicine can now be obtained at nearly all

Any one desiring to become acquainted with the details of the treatment of catarrh in each of the four items above enumerated should write the Peruna Drug Manufacturing Co., of Columbus, Ohio, for a copy of The Family Physician No. 2. This book

MONKEY EXPERT GARNER AT HIS FAVORITE WORK



Readers of THE DISPATCH are familiar with the experiments of Prof. R. L. Garner n monkey language. The illustration above is from a snap shot of him and a party of his Simian friends, who are greatly agitated by his imitation of their word for food, and are chattering into the horn of his phonograph. Prof. Garner says: "Monkeys produce the sounds with their vocal organs, the same as human speech is produced. From the rudiments contained in their speech the forms of human speech could be developed. The phonograph reveals many coinciding features. I think I have interpreted six words of the Capuchin speech beyond all reasonable doubt, and I shall soon have three or four more. I think they only have nine or ten roots, which are alightly modified in uttering, so they may have in all from 30 to 40 words."

A WONDERFUL PARROT.

Stories Incredible if They Did Not Com-From the Man They Do-The Bird Can Improvise Music, See a Joke and Call People-Its Memory.

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. Paris, May 12.-For 23 years I have had a female parrot from the Gaboon, with ashy gray plumage and a red tail, now about 48 years old. This bird is so remarkably intelligent that it seems to me interesting to bring her into notice.

Although she retains and imitates all the noises and sounds she hears, the distinguishing mark of this bird is a peculiar originality which is hers alone, and which makes her at once an imitator and a creator. Before this bird became mine she was in Paris, in a house which contained a great many tenants. She imitated to deceive you the language of the sparrows which haunted the roots and the yard of the house, their springtime troubles for the possession of a nest, and all their daily quarrels. She also imitated the street cries of Paris, especially that of the old-clothes man. During the war in 1870, I sent her to the country while I took my place in the army of Paris. Her repertory then became enriched by all the sounds of nature, the

quail, the owl, the magpie, the cock and the hen, in all their vocal manifestations. Can Give a Pig's Death Squeal.

She excels in the phonetic reproduction of the killing of a pig, at which she has certainly been present. She first repeats the interrupted cries, grave or sharp, uttering the impatience and fright of the animal as it is being dragged to the place of execution; then comes the agonized squeals of the throat-cutting and the death agony, and all this is given with the same shading, gradation and power as if by the animal itself. Although she has not heard these sounds for 22 years, this funereal phantasy still passes occasionally through her brain, and she makes the windows of my house rattle with it till we are obliged to silence her. My parrot rves every move

in preparing for an action which is itself accompanied by a sound, and she makes the cound beforehand. It she sees me approach an open window and make ready to close it, she immediately makes the sound that will be occasioned by the window before I have vet touched it, and the same sort of manifestation is made if I go to open a window. If I produce my handkerchief she blows her nose. If she sees me take my overcoat she instantly mades in advance, with her wings, the motion which I must make with my arms in putting on the garment. She imitates the sound of dropping water. If she sees me with a glass containing a liquid, or only sees me approach one, she imitates immediately, and in advance, the sound of deglutition, and of the descent of a liquid into the throat. If she sees a cat, or if anybody calls a cat, she in-

stantly imitates the various forms of cat language; and the same with dogs, horses and donkeys. Into all these imitations, frequently interrupted by her own bursts of laughter, my parrot throws a meaning, a mischief, a will, that are completely intelli-

gent. Can Appreciate a Joke.

But the most important thing to notice in the case of this bird is her ability to under the case of this bird is her about her, and to take part in everything by her language and actions. When we talk in her presence she takes part in the conversation by "ohs" and "ahs" of astonishment, or of approbation interjected at the appropriate moment. She almost faints away with laughter if we

say something amusing and wear an expression of gayety.

If she needs anything she calls her mis-

tress by her Christian name, "Marie," and if the reply is long in coming her voice gradually grows impatient and imperious.

One winter day she was put in her cage, near the fire. A log roiled forward and sprinkled her with ashes and sparks. Her mistress, busy in another room, heard her crying, and calling "Marie!" "Marie!" like a person in danger or in violent terror. She

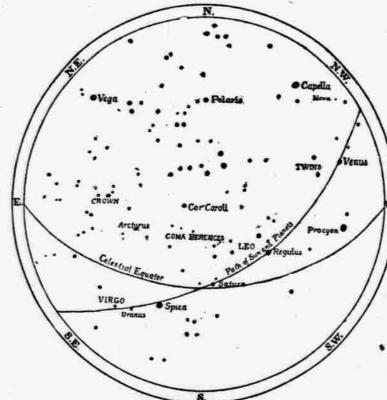
ran to her aid.

When her noon meal, composed of three or four dainties, is set before her my parrot sets aside every day a little jam tart for her supper. She does not like men. One need only be of the feminine sex to touch and caress her without danger. She loves her mistress devotedly. When I have been away from home, and am returning toward my house my parrot feels me through the wall, and, although she cannot see me, she warns her mistress of my return by singing two notes, "do-do," the second an octave above the first. She does this in case of no other person in the house. She bids me good-day in the same manner whenever I enter the room where she is. If I give he something she thanks me by voice and gesture, raising her wings. She Is a Feathered Compose

before any chance hearer when her mistress asks her to sing. When several persons are listening she interrupts her strains from time ro time to utter a peal of laugh-ter mingled with "oh's" to indicate that she is pleased to be heard.

I should not have dared to relate phe I should not nave gared to relate pur-nomena of intelligence so surprising in this bird had not hundreds of persons witnessed them during 23 years; and even yet, when placed outside an open window in fine weather, overlooking the street, my parrot assembles the passers-by of all ages, amazed at the music she offers them. I have passed deeply interested moments in studing this bird, whose intelligence brings a new element to the solution of the

Member of the Anthropological Society and Correspondent of the Ministry of Public Instruction.



A good many eyes have been on the heavens of late, especially sin ce some enthusias wore on a stack of Bibles that Venus was an electric balloon sent up from the World's Fair grounds at Chicago. The planisphere given shows the positions of the principal stars that are above the horizon between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening. This chart represents the entire half of the heavens then visible, its circumference marking the horizon;

But my parrot shines, above all, in her extraordinary gifts as musician and com-poser. If she sees a polka sung and danced she utters an accompaniment of notes deli-cately picked and in time, with the same certainty as a player on a trombone or a bass violin. She improvises veritable passages of music, which she whistles with endless variations, never repeating herself in her improvisations. She gives them with a taste, a style, an ardor to be envied by a pupil at the conservatory. She ends her "pieces" on the keynote. She improvises

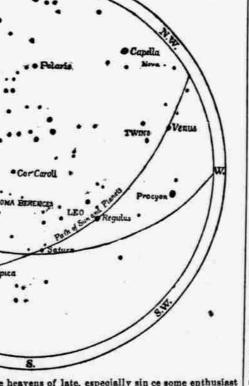
Before improvising she often preludes with trilled runs and vocalises similar to those practiced by a singer to bring out her swallow saliva, a movement accompanied by a dry click of the tongue against the palate, so that the note of the fife may issue more clearly—I should rather say, the note of the flute, for we seem to hear a flute, large, flexible and clear toned. The low notes of this instrument are truly re-

When my parrot sings in faithful imitation of the human voice, she often passes from a deep bass to the purest sopranos,

problem which my friend, M. the Marquis of Nardaillac, in his remarkable study entitled "Intelligence and Instinct," has ex-pressed in the following words: The reader may thus determine whether intelligence is the real characteristic of man; whether it digs an abyss between him and the animal, and whether there exists between different creatures only a difference in degree; in other words, whether human intelligence differs in kind or only in quantity from that of other beings.

AUGUSTE NICAISE,

A PLANISPHERE OF THE HEAVENS.



resents the entire hair of the heavens then visible, its circumference marking the normalists center, the zenith, or point directly overhead. To compare it with the heavens, one should hold it overhead, or nearly so, when the stars represented on it fall into their proper positions and can easily be identified. Venus will attain to its greatest brilliancy on the 3d of next mouth. Saturn has passed its point of greatest brilliancy. Mercury is a morning star, and about the middle of the month it will be visible in the east at an hour or so before sunrise. Mars now rises at about midnight in the boutheast. In a couple of months he will have become a splendid evening star. "Opposition" occurs in August, when he will be more brilliant than at any time since 1877, when Prof. Hall discovered his two satellites. Jupiter is a morning star, but is too near the sun to be seen well.

THE BOYS OF THE WAR. General Howard Tells Anecdotes of Several He Knew Very Well.

MANY IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

How Charlie Weise Lost His Left Arm While Holding Horses.

STORY OF THE DRUMMER OF SHILOH

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. You ask me if I cannot write something about boys in the army during the War of the Rebellion. Oh yes! There were many boys in the army in one capacity or another. Every drum corps had several boys from 12 to 18 years of age. There were boys who accompanied their fathers and were with them, like General Sherman's son, whose interesting story appears in his memoirs; they were usually in the camps or bivouses during the intervals which obtain in every army between battles. Some boys, like Charley Weise, who lost

his arm at Gettysburg, came out as messengers, being taken care of and paid by some officer of sufficient rank to afford such tender luxuries. And again, there were very many who entered the army as young as 14, 15 and 16 years of age, as did the present Secretary of War, the Hon. Stepher B. Elkins. I think he had a commission at 16. Certainly the story of his first encounter with the enemy beyond the Mississippi, commanding Kansas men, where the greater proportion of his detachment was killed or wounded, is full of romantic in-

terest. Probably no boy in the service had

at the close of the war a larger field of ex-

Plenty of Boys on Both Sides.

perience than he.

I think there was hardly a company in the field that did not have some boys under 21 years of age, so that the aggregate of et ual "boys" would reach thousands. On the Confederate side the proportion of vouths from 14 to 20 was larger than with us. It was declared that General G. W. Smith's last command in Georgia, reported from 8,000 to 10,000 strong, was made up altogether of "old men and boys;" that they marched to the field and all showed an ardor and devotion to their cause which cannot be underrated.

Of course, I do not believe that the Confederate cause was a good one, and never shall be able to think that way, and the boys of our side, to their and the boys of our side, to their credit, were as ardent to save the Union and prevent the breaking up of the country as were the Confederate boys in the work of its destruction. Furthermore, I am not a very great hand to do justice to Confederate ways of thinking. Still, I can say with sincerity that I believe that the boys, as well as the old men, did the best that yould do to defeat us certainly they they could do to defeat us; certainly they gave me and mine a good deal of trouble. I once knew Colonel Alpheus S. Hardee, I once knew Colonel Alpheus S. Hardee, the author of "Hardee's Tactics." I was stationed with him three years at West Point, N. Y., where he commanded the corps of cadets. I became intimately associated with him and his family. He had a little boy who was about 10 or 11 years of age when the family left West Point—Willie Hardee.

The Death of Willie Hardee.

Willie entered the Confederate service the last year of the war, and certainly was the last year of the war, and certainly was not more than 16 years of age. He was a fine, manly lad, and great sorrow smote my heart when I heard of his death slain in the last battle of our column, the battle of Bentonville, N. C. General Joseph E. Johnston, you remember, was there in chief command, and Willie's father had a wing of General Johnston's army. I once met his father in Alabama after the war. He spoke to me cheerfully, but the sadness of his face was too evident not to be noticed, and he to time she pauses to clear her throat, to between us of the North and South occ sioned by the great war were the most af-flictive of fil.

Probably your readers have all heard the story of little Willie, the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh." His mother in Tennessee was left with a large family, Willie being the eldest, by the guerillas having taken the life of the husband and father. With her family she drifted to St. Louis. Willie being about 10 years of age, was too small



to enlist, but was received as a drumme boy because he had great facility with his drum, being able to follow the tall fifer in any tune the fifer could play. The Sergeant who had charge of the drum corps became very fond of Willie, and saw to it that his wages, as Willie greatly desired, went every pay day to his mother, that she might put bread into the mouths of the ther little ones.

The Drummer Boy of Shiloh, After the first day at Shiloh the Sergeant missed the boy and hunted for him nearly all night, but could not find him. Early in the morning he heard over beyond a knoll that he was crossing the sound of a drum, It was Willie's. There was the lad with his back against a tree and drumming so as to call attention to his situation. As soon as the Sergeant approached he cried for water, which the Sergeant ran and brought to him; then the poor boy pointed to his legs; both feet were off. A shell had carried them away. Of course the Sergeant took him in his arms and carried him back to the field hospital, but the shock was too great; the little fellow died there, as did many others after that terrific conflict. This was a Union family of Tennessee, and such was the sorrow brought into it by the war. The little hero, Willie, at Shiloh, has been cele-

brated in song.
Charley Weise, of whom I spoke, was a
German lad. He was about 12 years of age when he came to the front. It was during the winter of '61 and '62. I first saw him in what was called "Camp California," near Alexandria, Va. He was a messenger for Col. James Miller of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania volunteers. The Colonel gave him a pony which he rode back and forth from the Colonel's tent and my own. I became very much interested in the handsome boy. He was a thick-set, square-shouldered lad, like so many other bright German boys that we see. He always had a bright, smiling face when he handed me an official letter took a message from me for his Colonel.

Curing a Boy of Bad Language. When he first came out he showed me a German Bible which his mother gave him. He told me his mother was a good Catholic woman and wanted him to read in his Bible. After a while, mingling with the soldiers and hearing a good many rough words which

some of them were in the habit of using, he himself began to talk in the same language and one day I heard these low expression and one day I heard these low expressions from his lips just outside my tent. I had a sturdy Englishman who took care of me and my tent by the name of John. John was very obedient to any order that I gave him. I said: "John, go out and bring 'Boney' in," for the soldiers called him 'Boney," probably from some fancied resemblance to the "Little Corporal." John brought him into the tent. Then I said: "Put some water in the basin, and stir in some soap." When John had brought the water to the proper consistency which makes brilliant soap-bubbles, I said: "Wash out Boney's mouth." John did so. "Wash it again." He washed it again. "Wash it a third time. "He washed it a third time.

Now Boney, who had taken the matter good-naturedly, began to make wry faces, yet he did not cry. I said then: "I think your mouth is clean. Do not let me ever hear any such words out of it again." He went away laughing, and sure I never heard

went away laughing, and sure I never heard any such hard words from his lips, though he lived near me many years. At Gettys-burg "Boney" was holding several horses. He had lost his Colonel, killed in the battle of Fair Oaks, and was then on the staff of General George W. Balloch. How Boney Lost His Arm.

The horses stood quietly together with their heads down and "Boney" had drawn one rein through the others and he was holding on to this rein with his left hand when a piece of a shell, whizzing through the air, struck his left arm near the elboy



Charley We'se.

and elipped it off. The boy was taken back to the hospital and came under the charge of one of the most sympathetic and careful nurses in our army, Mrs. S. S. Sampson.

While she was bathing him one day and assisting in dressing his wounds she could not help saying, "Poor boy! Poor boy!"
He looked up with a resolute face into hers and said: "I am not a poor boy! General Howard lost his right arm, and I have lost my left; that's all about it!" So from this singular sympathetic connection you may not wonder that I followed Boney's subsequent career with much interest. I shall never forgot his work as a clerk in my Washington bureau, and his happy face that so frequently met me as I stepped into his office room. Some years after he very proudly introduced me to his wife and child. My duties at last took me away from Washington to the far West. I had hardly reached my station before I saw the notice of the death of Charles Weise. His was a hereic spirit, and I doubt not is to-day in the happy land that our Infinite Saviour and Lord has prepared for them that love Him.

O. O. HOWARD.

DEEMING'S MALODOROUS RECORD,

A List of Some of the Allases He Assumed and His Crimes.

The following is a record drawn up from the newspaper reports of Deeming's career under the various aliases he assumed, and of events with some of which it is thought bable he was conne

"FREDERICK BAYLEY DREMING." 881-Feburary-Married Miss Marie James at St. Paul's Church, Higher Tranmer e Went alone to Australia. 882—Joined by his wife. Sent to jail for six

weeks for theft. He was at that time supposed to be working as a plumber. 4—Numerous bank robberies took place in Sydney, the perpetrators not being de-tected. 1885-More robberies, burgiaries, mysterious

1885—More robberies, burglaries, mysterious disappearances, and tragedies.
1886—Sets up shop in a large way, perpetrates a fraudulent bankruptcy, and abscends from Sydney.
1887—Flees from Adelaide to Cape Town, after, it is stated, robbing two brothers whom he met, of £60.
1888—Nothing known of him. During this year six of the Whitechapel murders were perpetrated.

year six of the Whitechapel murders were perpetrated.

1889-Poses in Durban as a mining engineer going to Johannesburg, and succeeds in obtaining £ 00 by fraud.

June-Has £3,500 advanced to him in Durban on bogus deeds, obtains £420 worth of jewelry and decamps. About the same time two murders were committed in the Transvaal, the murderer escaping.

July 17-The eighth Whitechapel murder. September 10-The ninth Whitechapel murder.

der.

antember—Turned up unexpectedly at Bir-September.—Turned up unexpected,
kenhead, where his wife was living.
October—Is tracked by a private detective,
who wants him for the Transvaal robberies, to Camberwell, then to Stockton-on-Tees, and back again to London. November—Sails on the Jumna for Austra-iia. Leaving the vessel at Port Said he doubles on his pursuers and returns to

Birkenhead. "HARRY LAWSON." 1890-January-Leaves Birkenhead. February 18-Arrived at Beverly and mar-ries Miss Matheson a fortnight after-

15-Obtains jewel: y by false pretenses at Hull. March 16—Salls from Southampton for South

America.

April 7—Arrested at Montevideo.

October 16—Tried at Hull Assizes, and sontenced to nine months' imprisonment.

1891—July 16—Liberated from Hull jail.

July 19—Miss Langley was murdered at Preston, near Hull, the murderer escaping. "ALBERT OLIVER WILLIAMS."

hill, to inquire about Dinham Villa, and takes up his residence at the Commer-cial Hotel. July 22—Has tea at the hotel with a dark July 22—Has tea at the hotel with a dark lady, who turns out to be his wife, Mrs. Deeming, of Birkenhead. July 25—Lunches at the hotel with his wife. Is afterward accompanied to Huyton by Miss Mather, and signs the agreement of

July 21-Makes his first appearance in Rain-

Mass Matter, tenancy.

July 23—The first barrel of cement supplied from St. Helen's to Dinham Villa to the order of Miss Mather.

July 25—Mrs. Deeming and four children arrive at Dinham Villa,

July 20.7—The five-fold murder is committed. mitted. July 27-Returns to the hotel.

July 39—Obtainsts o more barrels of cement. August 26—"Williams" gives the Hainhill banquet. August 27—Leaves Rainhill. nber 22-Marries Miss Emily Matherat October 17—Sails with his wife from London to Australia. November 27—Miss Mather's last letter posted on the way out at Colombo.

December 15—"Williams" and his wife arrive at Melbourne.

December 24—Miss Mather murdered.

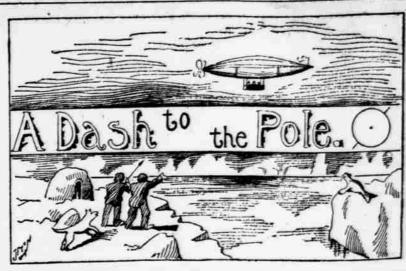
"SWANSTON." 1892—January—Applied for another wife in a Melbourne matrimonial agency. Rec-ognized in Sydney by a publican. Pro-poses to and is accepted by Miss Rounces-vell, at Perth, Western Australia.
February—Wrote to Miss Matheson at Bev-erley, repeating a previously made re-quest that she should rejoin him.
March 8—Arrested on the eve of his mar-riage to Miss Rouncesvell.

ROACHES, bedbugs and other insects are

Fon coughs and throat troubles use Brown' Bronchiai Troches, - 'They stopped an attack of my asthma cough very promptly.' -C. Falch

conspicuous by their absence in house, where Burine is used occasionally. 25 cts. to go."
The Sergeant looked at Royal steadily. JIMP AWNINGS are neat and pretty, at Mamaux & Son's, 539 Penn avenue. Than

"And I," spoke Jack Hardy hotly. "I demand to go. You have no right to leave



AN IMAGINATIVE ROMANCE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY HERBERT D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

In a sleeping car journeying from the West to Chicago are six chance acquaintances, Millionaire Vanderlyn, of Chicago: Prof. Wilder, inventor of the Aeropole; Sergeant Willtwig, who was with Greely and with Lockwood on their Polar expeditions; Royal Sterne, a technical institute student; Jack Hardy, who is going into real estate in Chicago, and Frederick Ball, an astronomical tutor. Out of a jesting remark a serious expedition to the North Pole in Prof. Wilder's airship is arranged. Millionaire Vanderlyn furnishes the money, Wilder the conveyance, Willtwig the experience, and the three younger men the enthusiasm. Just as they start officers arrive to serve an injunction on Wilder. The action is brought by Hennepin, who claims the airship is his invention. After some exciting experiences the officers are persuaded to desist. The airship gets off, and when over Lake Michigan Sergeant Willtwig remembers that he left his supply of matches in Chicago. Only a few can be found in the pockets of the explorers and they are preserved as if they were gold. Soon a strange, new sickness steals over the party. It is like seasickness, only more severe. While they are prostrated by it they narrowly escape dashing against a mountain top in Canada. All goes well until in the far north they espy a ship in the ice and from it a man is signaling. They throw him some provisions, go on and finally reach the pole.

CHAPTER IX. THE DEPARTURE.

Twelve hours had passed since the intrepid five had been hurled to the earth. This is speaking metaphorically, for the earth was covered, perhaps with thousands of feet of glacier, and only here and there a ragged spot of gray and black told of hill and rock; whether of island or of promon-

tory none could say.

The sun shone unblinkingly. It was hot. It was 200 below zero. Sergeant Willtwig felt as if he were tanning. He had waited with admirably feigned composure the decision of the tutor as to their latitude and longitude. This calculation was not so easy as at sea. They stood upon the edge of the huge Polar Plain. The earth is flattened at the poles, and where one can only see the distance of a quarter of a degree in the Atlantic, here one could, with a telescope, observe three and a half times that distance, provided the plane of vision were unobstructed. Thus an observation taken from a height might, on a clear day, extend to a degree and a half, or to the enormous sweep of 90 miles.

At least, after six different calculation.

At least, after six different calculation. Individual glory is secondary. Mr. Ball must go, for he alone understands the use of the needed instruments. Or course I must go. Now to stay with the ship involves plenty of hardship, plenty of grit, and, more than that, the success of the expedition is the first consideration. Individual glory is secondary. Mr. Ball must go, Now to stay with the ship involves plenty of hardship, plenty of grit, and, more than that, the success of the expedition is the first consideration. Individual glory is secondary. Mr. Ball must go, Now to stay with the ship involves plenty of hardship, plenty of grit, and, more than that, the success of the expedition is the first consideration. Individual glory is secondary. Mr. Ball must go, for he alone understands the use of the needed instruments. Or course I must go. Now to stay with the ship involves plenty of hardship, plenty of grit, and, more than that, the success of the expedition. Individual glory is secondary. Mr. Ball must go, for he alone understands the use of the needed instruments. Or course I must go. Now to stay with the ship involves plenty of hardship, plenty of grit, and, more than that, the success of the expedition. Individual glory is secondary. Mr. Ball must go, for he alone understands the use of the needed instruments. Or course I must go. Now to stay with the ship involves plenty of hardship, plenty of grit, and, more than that, the success of the expe

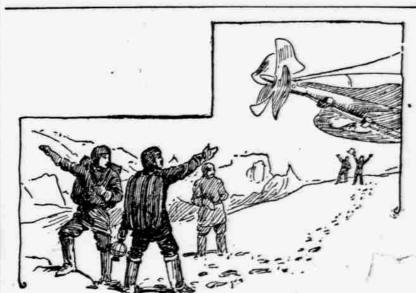
At least, after six different calculations. the result was announced. It was awaited | Royal did not speak. He covered his face

us belfind. I wish to be of the party with

my friend." He came over on Royal's side of the cabin and stood beside him panting. It was a serious moment. Excess of zeal has led to some of the greatest disasters in history. But the Sergeant was in no mood to be severe. He tried reason. "Who will take care of the Professor,

boys?"
"I can stay alone," spoke up the Pro-

fessor bravely.
"Then none of us would ever see Chicago again," said the sergeant solemnly. both mean well, my boys, and your brave will touches my heart deeply. But the suc-cess of the expedition is the first considera-



THE SERGEANT AND THE TUTOR START FOR THE POLE.

in the same mood in which Esquimaux dogs | and sat down upon the bank. naw for their daily meal of empty tin cans and dried fish. The four men devoured the tutor's face as he spoke. His answer was an epoch in the existence of these five ad-

en epoch in the existence of these live active and venturers, it was an era in the exploration of the world.

"Hurry up! Have it out! How far from the Pole?" Royal Sterne could no longer contain his anxiety. The Sergeant was standing with bent head, his foot tracing a "For," said he, "we shall take the remaining 24 matches with us, that we may not freeze on our trip. Your fate is in your own hands, and if, by any misfortune, one or both should go out, the Professor will have to set them agoing with electricity. The problem lies with you."

figure on the ice. "Longitude 60 27' east." The next words would indicate their ad-"Latitude 88° 35' 21"," the tutor finished.

A silence fell upon the party. The Ser-geant's lips quivered. His eyes filled. "My God! Is this true?" he demanded.
"That is where we are." "Two hundred and forty miles higher than that hero Lockwood!

"Only about ninety-six miles from the Pole itself?"

An affirmative nod answered him. The Sergeant acted a little as if his head were dizzy. No wonder! When a man almost grasps the object of a life's heroism; when he has all but attained the unattainable; when he is the first in the world's history to accomplish one great thing—then he is allowed to wander for a moment; then he is permitted to faint. It is the sensation of indemitted to intellect to head the form

ndomitable intellect to bend before the supreme tension. The Sergeant uttered a few unintelligible words. His companions looked at him troubled, the tutor jumped to grasp him. His commander drew back.

"I start for the Pole to-morrow, gentlemen!" he said. "Bully for you!"

"Bravo!"

"And I!" added Royal Sterne, with a cold look and with an eagerness that made the Sergeant grasp him by the hand.
"I came to see the big hole, and I go,
too," exclaimed Jack Hardy," waving his
arms like a windmill. "I'll do my best to make the grand push a grand success."
That speech completely restored him to his

"And I too!" said the tutor quietly.

eader's favor.
"Then I shall be left alone!" ejaculated the inventor, piteously. "I don't see how I can leave her; I must get her ready to return. I expect she will have to be coaxed like a woman." He turned from the party to his disabled machinery. It was not hard to see that the inventor was broken-hearted. "No, gentlemen! All cannot go," replied the Sergeant, much moved at the display of enthusiasm. "Mr. Ball shall accompany me. He will make the scientific observation, which is the true object of this expedition. Every increase in the party beyond the number absolutely essential is an element of danger and of failure. Nansen's party was made up of six. Schwatka's great sledge journey was made with a party of four white men. The Lockwood exploration party of the Greely expedition was made up of only three men. Our expedition to the Pole will be made up of two. That is enough! Prof. Wilder must put the Aeropole in order, so that we can return—or there will be no return."

The two young men stared at the Servery of the start of th

The two young men stared at the Sergeant when he finished speaking, then they exchanged blank looks. What did he mean by leaving them behind? They did not trust themselves to speak at first. Dis-

appointment and rage choked them.
"Sir," said Royal, with tears rising, "I
am as used to this sort of travel as Mr. Ball.
I came to make the whole trip and I demand

The lighting of the spirit lamps in the heater and cooker was almost a sacred rite. A Buddhist might have thought it so. The Sergeant made it sufficiently impressive, "For," said he, "we shall take the remain-

Every man pegan to feel that life was serious at the eighty-eighth degree. "By the way," whispered the Sergeant to Prof. Wilder, taking him by the arm aside,

a few minutes before he was to start with

the tutor on the terrible tramp, "have you

found out what was the matter with the machinery? Do you think you can pick us up at the Pole?" "I found that the oil on the bearings of the propeller shaft was frozen stiff. is sufficient to account for the gradual stop-

page."
"But wouldn't the heat from the friction keep the oil from freezing?" The Sergeant thought be was scientific. "Not enough heat could be generated to

overcome the inertia of such tremendously low temperature. It so, the bearings would have been burned away."

"Then," asked the Sergeant tremulously, "is this a fatal danger?"
"We shall have to return without oil."

"Can you? Have you power enough?" "We must," answered the inventor luckily. "And as for power, we have enough stored to keep agoing for six months steady. If I can clean that oil out-you see I must take the machinery apart-I guess we'll go it yet. She needs a rest. She ought to have three weeks. When will you be back?" Ah, when indeed! To carry provisions.

sleeping bags, instruments, spirits of wine and of hope over an ice-blocked journey of 200 miles, in such a temperature-when might they return? The danger of attempting the passage of the Atlantic in a 15-foot boat was nothing to the peril of scrambling 100 miles to an unstaked spot and finding the way back. Three miles would make a toilsome day's journey. And then, hours of resting, or trying to rest, in wet bags, nourished on frozen food! Does this not require the indomitable spiritual energy of hope, as well as the physique of an Ice-lander?

The Sergeant shook his head. "We have six weeks provisions which we shall cache as we proceed, and pick up on our way back. As I directed, you will cache provisions four days' journey due north for us. We depend for our lives on them. I have indicated the spot. I think you had better send a relief party as far as you can go, if we don't turn up in 32 days."

He then delivered written instructions to the Professor, to be minutely followed, gave detailed cautions as to the stores, examined the box of 24 precious matches, lighted a lantern, which was to be their means of getting fire, and walked, with a load of 75 pounds on his back, resolutely and quietly out of the car.

The tutor had preceded him. It was not a solemn moment for him, but one of excit-ing enterprise. He weighed but 130 pounds, and carried 50. He did not stagger. The crystal air invigorated him. His intense nature gave his muscles power and his bones endurance. He bade the three a cheery roedby. But Royal asked leave to accom-

pany his chief a little way.
Emotion is not external when men do great deeds of daring. With a hurrah! that hid any secret misgivings at the gig and tic undertaking, the explorers slowly marched toward the mysterious North.

[To Be Continued Next Sunday.]